

Old English Drama
Students' Facsimile Edition

Every Woman in Her
Humor

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EVERIE
Woman in her
Humor.



L O N D O N
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solde at his shop in the Paper-head-Pallace, neere
the Royall Exchange,
1699.



*Euerie Woman in her
Humor.*

Enter Flania as a Prologue.



Comrades of both sexes, and all sortes, I
am sent to bid yee welcome, I am but
insteade of a Prologue: for a she pro-
logue is as rare as an Usurers Almes:
non reperitur in usu, and the rather I
come woman, because men are apt to take kindlye
any kinde thing at a womans hand; and wee poore
soules are but too kinde, if we be kindly intreated,
marry otherwise, there I make my *Apopsopesis*: the
Author hath indeede made me an honest merrye
wench, one of his humorists, yet I am so much be-
holding to him, I cannot get mee a husband in his
play that's worthe the hauing, vnlesse I be better
halfe of the sutor my selfe: and hauing imposed this
audacity on me, he sends me hither first for exercise
I come among ye all: these are the Contentes, that
you would heare with patience, iudge with lenity,
and correct with smiles, for the which our endea-
uours shall shew it selfe like, a tall fellow in action:
if vve shall ioyn hands, a bargaine.

As a lowely earnest, I giue this curtesie before,
And in conceite I giue ye twenty more.

A 2

Enter

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Enter Accutus and Gracius.

Gra. Nay, but *Accutus*, prethee what mis-shapen vizard of Melancholly hast thou mask't thy selfe in? thou look'st as thou wer't changing thy religion: what? is there a breach in thy Faith? come, declare, and let me set thy wits on worke, to amend it.

Accu. Ha ha ha!

Gra. Prettie: a man's well aduised to offer good counsell, and be laught at for his labour: we shall shortly haue no Counsellors but Physitians, I spend my breath to thee, and thou answerest me some halfe an houre after in a semibreue, or like to a Sexton with a Sobecit or Amen.

Accu. Condemne my Stars then.

Gra. I should wrong am then, as thou dost with a false inditement, I know it tooke not, beeing at thy birth, thou hast bene merrie, thou hast sounded hoopes, swallowed whiffes, walkt late, worne fauours, seene whoresons: thou canst feele and vnderstand, come, thou hast bene a sinner: vnloade, discharge, vntune, confesse, is *venus dominatrix*? art not in loue?

Accu. Yes, I loue God and my neighbors.

Gra. Then either for Gods sake or thy Neighbors, or both, be smothe, and participate, ist not some vnderlayer, some she Cammell that will beare as much of her belly, as three beastes on their backes? some Lanthorne-maker, Ile holdethy head: come, vp with't.

Accu. Prethee I hate none, but heauen hate me if I be in loue with any.

Gra. Off with these clogs, then break prison, and get out of this melancholly Gaole, harke how the generall noise doth welcome from the Parthian wars, each spirit's iocund, fraught with glee, then wrong not thine with this dull meditation.

Accu. Oh!

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Acut. Oh ! how doe they then wrong my meditation? my thoughts are with themselves at a counsell. til with noise and thou with continuall talke, hast driuen them to an *anoplus*.

Gra. Then make me of thy counsell, and take my aduice, for ile take nò deny all, Ile not leaue thee til the next new Almanackes be out of date : let him threaten the sharpest weather he can, in Saint *Smithin* week, or it snow on our Ladies face, ile not budge, ile be thy mid-wife til thou beest deliuered of this passion.

Acut. Partake then, and giue me the beleefe: thinkst thou or knowst thou any of this opinion, that that moouing marish element, that swels and swages as it please the moone, to be in bignes equall to that solide lump that brings vs vp?

Gra. I was sure thou wert beyond the *Antipodes*: faith I am of that faith I was brought vp in, I haue heard my Father say, and i'me sure his *Recordes* came from his Father, that the Land and Sea are in nature thus much alike; the owne grows by the Sunne, the other by the Moone, both by Gods blessing; and the Sea rather the greater, and so thinke I.

Acut. Good: there we haue a farther scope, and holde the sea, can (as a looking glasse) answer with a meere smile any moouing shape vppon the earth.

Gra. Nay, that's most certaine, I haue heard of Sea-horses, Sea-calues, and Sea-monsters.

Acut. Oh, they are monstrous madde, merrie wenches, and they are monsters *Gracur*, they call them Sea-maides or Mermaides singing sweetelye, but none dares trust them, and are verie like our Land-wenches, deuouring Serpents from the middle downward.

Acut. Thou hast euen giuen me satisfaction: but hast thou this by prooffe?

Gra. Not by my trauels (so God helpe me) marrie ile bring ye fortie Saylers will sweare they haue seene them.

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Act. In truth!

Grac. In truth or otherwise.

Act. Faith they are not vnlike our land monsters, else why should this Maximilian Lord, for whom these shoots and noyses befits thus, forsake his honour, to sing a Lullabye?

*These sleeping Saints, alluring euils,
That make earth Erchs, and mortals deuils.*

Grac. Come, thou art Sea-sicke, and will not be well at ease til thou hast tane a vomit, vp with't.

*Act. Why ifaith I must, I can not soothe the world
With velvet words, and oyley flatteries.*

*And kisse the sweate feete of magnitude,
To purchase smiles, or a deade mans office,
I cannot holde to, see a rib of man*

*A moytie of it selfe, command the whole
Bassful, and bend to muliebritie*

*Offemale scandale, obserue, doe but obserue,
Heere one walks ore-growne in weeds of pride,*

*The earth wants shape, to apply a simile,
A body prisoned vp with walles of wyer,*

*With bones of whales, somewhat allyed to fish
But from the wast declining, more loose doth hang,*

*Then her wanton dangling lasciuious locke
Thats whirld and blowne with euerie lustfull breath,*

*Her necke in chaines, all naked lyes her brest,
Her body lighter then the feathered crest.*

*Another powtes and scoules, and hangs the lip,
Euen as the banckrout credit of her husband,*

*Cannot equall her with honors liuerie,
What doth she care, if for to decke her braue,*

*Hee's carryed from a Gate-house to his graue.
Another in a rayling pulppet key,*

*Drawes through her nose the accent of her voice,
And in the presence of her good man Goate,*

Cries fye, now fye vppon these wicked men.

Tha

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That vse such beastly and inhumane talke:
When being in priuate, all her studies warne,
To make him enter into Capricorne,
Another as she goes, treads a Canarie pace,
Lets it so fine, and minces so demure,
As mistris Bride vpon her marriage day:
Her heeles are Corke, her body Atlas,
Her Beautie bought, her soule an Atomus.
Another with a spleene deuoured face,
Her eies as hollow as Anatomy:
Her tung more venome then a Serpents sting,
Which when it waggess within her chap-faln iawes,
Is noisse more horrid then a cry of hounds
With open mouthes, pursuing of their game,
Wants she but ritch attire or costly dyet,
With her the Deuill can nere liue in quiet.
Yet these are weaker vessels, heauen doth knowe,
Lay on them ought but ease, you doe them wrong:
They are as weake as water, and indeede as strong,
And then like mightie ships, when pellets sincke,
To them lay more men, sheele neuer shrinke.

Boss. Mistris, that face wants a fresh Glosse.

Gent. Prethee dib it in well *Bos.*

Act. Pigmaleon, Pigmaleon, I coniure thee appeare,
To worke, to worke, make more Marble Ingles,
Nature, thou art a foole, Art is a boue thee:
Belzebub, paint thy face, there's some will loue thee.

Bos. Rare, Mistris, heeres a cheeke like a Camelion or
a blasing Star: you shall heere me blaze it, heere's two fau-
cers sanguine in a sable field, pomegranet, a pure pendat,
Ready to drop out of the stable, a pin and web argent in
hayre de Roy.

Grac. And a fooles head in the Crest.

Bos. In the Crest: oh sweete Vermilion mistris! tis pit-
tie the Vermilion Wormes should eate thee, ile set it with
pretious stones and ye will.

Gent. Inough

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Gent. Enough sweete *Bosse*, throwe a little water to spurt's face and lets away.

Bo. Hold vp, so fir now away: oh *Mistris* your scant-ling, most sweete *mistris* most derydent starre.

Acnt. Then most rydent starre? faire fall ye.

Grac. Nay sure tis the Moone her selfe, for there's her man and her Dogge before.

Bosse. I fir, but the man is not in the moon, & my bus his before me, *ergo* not at my backe, *et ergo*, not moone fir.

Gent. What's your will fir?

Accut. That you would leaue vs.

Bosse. Leaue you, zoundes fir, we scorne their companies, come, they are still, doe not open to them, we haue no Conier to catch.

Acnt. Away, keepe no distance, euen both together, For wit, ye may be Coacht together.

What sleeke browde Saint can see this Idiotisme,
The shape and workmanship of omnipotency,
To be so blinde with drugs of beastlineffe,
And will not bend the browe, and bite the lippe,
Trouble his quiet soule, with venomt spleene,
And feare least the all ouer-seer,
Can without vengeance, see these ignomies.

Grac. Why therfore are they beloued like Sargeants,
and entertained like Beggars, think' st thou but any honorable Gate but will be shut against these Butter-flies?

Accut. Oh *Graecus*! thou beguil' st opinion,
The Gates of great men stand more wide
To entertaine a foole, then *Cresus* armes,
To hug his Golden God: and faster bard
Against necessitie, then *Diues* entrance
At *Olympus* gate.

Enter Scruulas, Scikicet, Philautus and Boy.

Scru. Fa, la, sol, la sol: Boy a Glasse

Boy. Tis

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Boy. Tis but one and all sir,

Acu. Angels protect vs, what haue we heare?

Boy. Ye haue a good memorie Sir, for they are five minutes ere windefall of your Glasse.

Ser. Sir, be credible, tis ballanst to be a superlative politicke custome in these houres to dwell in shallowe accoutrements, as a defence for the abilitie of his purse, from the infringed Oath of some impudent face, that will borrowe a gentlemā's reuenewes, if he be vestally adord: Ile tell you sir, by this bright Horrifon ———

Scil. A word I pray yee sir ere ye goe any further: Boy my Tables?

Boy. Your Tables are ready Sir, and all the men ye keep which is indeede halfe a Boy, *Scilliet, Videlicet,*

Scil. I pray ye let me request that oath of you.

Sern. A gracefull enquirie, and well obseru'd: Sir my company shal make ye copious of nouelties, let your Tables be iudged your memorie: write, by this bright Horrifon.

Phy. Here's none but only I, sing: Boy, how lik'st thou my head of hayre?

Boy. Your Glasse may flatter ye, but truely I will not, your head is not a hayre better then it should be.

Phy. Is there any scarcitie of haire Boy?

Boy. Somewhat thin, and yet there is more hayre then wit.

Phy. How Boy?

Boy. Then wit of man can number sir, take it i'th right sence I pray yee.

Phy. Most ingenious!

Acu. O muffle, muffle good *Graccus*, doe not taint thy With sight of these intestine animalles, (sence, Least reason in thee haue the vpper hand To gouerne sence, to see and shun the sight: Here's new discovered sins, past all the rest, Men strue by practise how to sweare the best.

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Sol. I have quoted it fir, by this bright Hore, Hore
for pronunce ye fir.

Ser. Horison

Sol. Horison the Widowes mite Sir?

Ser. Not for the Soldans crowne fir.

Sol. Indee yee shall, by this bright horison
ye shall beleue me if I sweare, I thinke my selfe behol-
ding, for I know it to be no common oath.

Ser. Were it common, it past not these doores: Sir,
I thinke my oathes as I wash my hands, twice in the artifici-
al day, for in dialoguing, tis to be obseru'd, your senten-
ces multiron cally, metaphorically, and altogether figu-
ratiuely mixt with your morning oathes.

Sol. Faith tis verie true.

Accu. That he neither knowes what he saies, nor thou
vnderstandest.

Ser. As for example, by this illuminate welkin,

Seel. Oh excellent! it shall downe to.

Accu. There's another Ducket, he vtters his oathes
apace.

Sure this Villaine has no soules, and for golde
Heele damme his body too, hee's at peace with hell,
And brings his Marchandise from thence to sell.

Boy. I haue heere two Mistresses, but if the best were
chosen out, if *Poliphemus* tother eye were out, his choice
might be as good as *Argus* broad waking, so difficult is
the difference.

Phy. Boy, sleepe wayward thoughts.

Boy. Sir.

Phy. Is it not now most amiable and faire?

Boy. Yes fir God be praised.

Phy. What meanst thou Boy?

Boy. The weather fir.

Phy. I meane my haire and face Boy.

Boy. Twere amiable if it would not alter.

Phy. Wherefore, I often repaire it.

Boy Me

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Boy: Methinkes that should weare it the sooner.

Phy. Not so Boy, for to trimme the Hayre well, is a rare qualitie: to bee rarelye quallified is to be wise, apply

Boy. That you are wise in trimming your hayre Maister?

Phy. Right, to be wise is to be rare, for it is rare to see a wise man.

Boy. True Maister: but if youle see a foole looke in your Glasse maister.

Phy. Goe to, I must correct you Boy.

Boy. You can correct no more then is your own, I am but halfe yours to commaund, if you steale away any parte that is not your owne, you are so farre in daunger as the striking of an other mans seruant.

Phy. By this illuminate welkin most sincere and singular, as a small remembrance.

Seru. Not for to winne the faire Angelica.

Scillicet. By this illuminate Welkin ye shall now.

Seru. Sir, I doe not bestowe it for that I thinke you haue neede of it, for if you had, by this bright Horizon I would not giue it, for I know tis no credit to giue to the poore, by this illuminate welkin, I haue (since I tooke vpon me this fleshie desire of a Gentleman) throwne out of a window for a huntsp, when I had as leefe haue heard the grinding of a Mustard Mill, for those are thinges are heere too day and gone to morrowe: this will sticke by a man, and doe him credit where ere hee goes.

Acut. I, when the foole is clad in clay, It will sticke fore vnto thy soule for aye.

Phy. Signior *Scillicet*, I assure you I haue discovered the moste queint and new-found deuice for the encounter of the Ladies at the enteruiew, tis in pricke-song.

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Scil. That's excellent and rare.

Phi. I, for prick-song to Ladies is moſte pleaſant, and delightfull, as thus for your congie, All hayle to my be-
looued: then for your depa- ture, ſad diſpaire doth driue
me hence: for all muſt be to effect.

Grac. Nay, prethee raiſe no quarrels.

Acut. I can holde no longer, heare you ſir, are not
you a ſoole? and you an Aſſe? and you a knaue?

Phi. zoundes an Aſſe?

Scil. A Foole?

Ser. A Knaue without reſpect?

Acut. I, for an Aſſe can beare, a Foole abide, and a
Knaue deſerue:

Omn. Helpe, helpe!

Gra. Prethee lets away.

Acut. Fooles oftentimes brings wiſemen to trouble,
Farwell, another time ile pay ye double. *Exit.*

Enter Hoſt, Hoſteſſe, and Prentiſes.

Hoſt. Bring your Clubs out of doores, there goe in my
fine hoſtes, ile talke to the proudeſt: what knaues are i'th
ſtreete, my dore is my dore, my houſe is my caſtell, goe in
dame Helena, let thine hoſt alon with this: he that knocks
at my hobby, while I haue Ale in my houſe, ſhall pay for a
Surgeon: the honeſt ſhal come in, the knaues ſhall go by:
bring Clubs I ſay.

Scil. Nay ſir, the heate is paſt, they that did it haue
tooke them to their heeles, for indeede: heere are of vs—

Hoſt. Away with your Clubs then, welcome my braue
Bullies, my Gueſts ſhal take no wrong, but welcome my
Bullies.

Scil. Indeede ſir I am a man of few words, I haue put
vp a little blood ſhed, marrie I hope it ſhall be no ſtaine to
my manhoode, if I keepe it out of my clothes.

Hoſt. He ſhall pay for the blood ſhed, my gueſtes ſhal
take no wrong: mine Hoſt will ſpend his Crufe as franke

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as an Emperour welcome my braue bullies.

Ser. Sir, be pacifick, the fellowe was posselt with some critique frenzie, and wee impute it to his madnes.

Scil: Madded by Gods flid if he were as madde as a weauer, I can hardly put it vp: for my blow: I care not so much, but he cald me foole: flid if I liue till I dye, the one of vs shall proue it.

Host: Some prophane Villaine, ile warrant him.

Scil. Doe you thinke I may not haue an action against him?

Host: There's so many swaggerers, but alas, how fel-ye out?

Scil: By the welkin I gaue him not a foule word: first he calles me foole, then he makes a full blowe at my body, and if by good chance I had not warded it with my head, he might haue spoild me.

Enter Prentices.

Host. There, there, my fine fil-pots: giue the word as you passe: anon anon sir, anon: heere and there in the twinkling, looke well to the barre, there againe my little Mercuries, froath them vp to the brimme, and fill as tis needefull: if their pates be full of Wine, let your Pottles be three quarters, trip and goe, here and there: now any braue Lad wash thy woundes with good Wine: bidde am welcom my little Sybil: put sugar in his hole there, I must in to my guests, sleepe soundly till morning: Canarie is a Iewell, and a Figge for Browne-bastard. *Exit.*

Hostes. Gentlemen, ye are welcom, though my husband be a little talkatiue, yet truly he is an vnreasonable honest man, yee shall finde his words and his sayings all one.

Scil: I thinke no lesse, yet I would desire to enter as time and place shall serue.

Hostes: Ile lead the way forsooth.

Phy. Nay pray ye Hostesse a word, I say little, but I am sure I haue sustained the most wrong: by this light, I had

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had rather he had broke my head in three places, I pray you lend me a brush, hee has put my hat quite out of fashion.

Host. That shall ye fir, a brush there hoe!

Bos. *Salus, fir salus,* I pray yee which of you five is the Hostis of the house?

Boy. Thats easily discern'd, for foure weare breeches.

Bos. Nere the sooner for that my diminutive youth, for women now adaies weare breeches as well as men, mary the differencelies in the bawble.

Hostis. Well fir, to open the truth I am the Hostesse.

Bos. The fruit is knowne by the Tree at the first view, as the Author writes learnedly, come, *basilus manns.*

Scil. This kissing becomes a Gentleman, ile vse it suret

Bos. Secondly, Mistris Hostesse, I would knowe what lodging ye haue for my Lady and her traine.

Hostis. What will serue your turne fir?

Bos. Ile call my selfe to account and specifie thus: my Lady and her Dogge that's two visibler: then there's the Dogge and my Lady, that's foure inuisibler: then there's my Ladies dogge and I quoth the dogge, that's six: then there's sequence of three, viz. the Dogge and I and my Lady; then there's a paire of Knaues, viz. the Dogge & my selfe, & my Lady turn'd vp: viz. my Lady sequence of three: a paire of knaues, & my Lady turn'd vp to play vpon, we can haue no lesse then five beds.

Hostis. Truly you must lye close together, (the Seruants I meane) for I am so thrust with Guest I an hardly spare so many.

Bos. Faith weele lie together as close as we can: there's my Lady and her dogge lye al together, and I at the beds fecte, and there's all our family of Loue.

Hostis. How farre is your mistris behinde?

Bos. The truth is, the fatal sisters haue cut the thred of her Corke-shoe, & shee's stept aside into a Coblers shop to take a true stitch, whether I meane to send my selfe as
a Court

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a Court of Guard to conduct her: but see, oh, inconstant fortune! see where shee comes *solv.* (selfe.

Gent. Bos, you serue me well to let me waite vpon my

Bor. Of two euils the least is to be chosen, I had a care of your puppie being lesse then your selfe.

Scil. Gentlewoman you haue an excellent; *Ch.* I haue an appetite as a man would say.

Gent. What's your will fir? (petite to kisse you.

Scil. Truth will to light, and the truth is, I haue an ap-

Phil. This point would become a Gentleman sure, I pray who trim'd it so?

Gent. My man forsooth.

Phy. Sir, I desire your acquaintance, tis excellent rare.

Gent. You would haue saide so, had you seene it an houre since.

Ser. Heeres game for me,

I hunt for fooles, and haue sprung a couey.

Hostis. Gentles, please you draw neere? leade the way into the chambers.

Bor. Bos is the name of a thing may be seene, felt, heard, or vnderstood, and the nominatiue case goes before, my Mistris the Verbe, my mistris requires an accusatiue case to follow, as *usus femina proptus facit. Exeunt al but Hostis*

Hostis. Oh fye vpon, who would be an hostis, & could do otherwise? Ladie, as the moste lasciuious life, conges and kisses, the tyre, the hood, the rebato, the loose bodyed Gowne, the pin in the haire, and euerie day change, when an Hostis must come and go at eucrye mans pleasure: and what's a Lady more then another body? wee haue legs and hands, rowling eyes, hanging lips, sleek browes, & cherie cheeks, & other things as Ladies haue, but the fashion carries it away.

Prentices passe ouer.

Host. There, there my little Lacky boies, againe, againe, my fine fil-pots, where is my fine Hostis? come, come my litle dido, set your corks on a creaking, my knaues are vnthrifty, dance not your canaries, heere, vp & down, look about to my Guests I say.

Hostis. I,

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Hostis. I, I haue much ioy, an Hostesse!

Host. What, abides my Penelope? heere stand thy Vlisses, ile tarry with thee stil, thou shalt wāt for no cost, ile buy thee a braue whistle, looke about to my Guestes I say.

Hostis. I, Hostesses will bee knowne shortlye as their Signes, still in one weather-beaten suite, as though none weare hoodes but Monkes and Ladies: and feathers, but fore-horses, and Waiting Gentlewomen: or chaines but prisoners and Courtiers: no Perywigges but Players and Pictures, but the weakeſt muſt to the wall ſtill.

Host. Tuth, tuth, theſe are toies, ile none of theſe Flip-flaps, ile haue no ſoping, no puffes, nor no Cobwebs: no buſks nor burbarrels: thou ſhalt wear thine own haire, & fine cloath of Sheep-skins: thy colour ſhal be Dow-las, as white as a Lillie: ile kille theſe chop-cherries, thou ſhalt goe Goffip at Shroue-tide, look about to my Guestes then. *Exit.*

Hostis. I, twas my hard fortune to be an Hostesse, time was I might haue done otherwiſe.

Enter Citizens Wife.

City w. Why how now Woman, a'th olde diſeaſe ſtill? will it neuer be better? cannot a Woman finde one kinde man amongſt twentie? ah the daies: I haue ſcen, when a Womans will was a lawe: if I had had a minde to ſuch a thing, or ſuch a thing, I could haue had it, but twa's neuer better ſince men were Purſe-bearers.

Hosty. Mine is eene the vnnaturall iſt man to his Wiſe

Citie w. Truly, and commonly are all ſuch fat men: ile tell thee Goffip, I haue buried fixe, I fixe husbands, but if I ſhould liue to haue as many more, as I know not what may happen, but ſure ide neuer haue ſuch a fatte man: they be the moſte vnweldy men, that women ſhall not want a ſtre ſtomack that's troubled with them. I war-rant her.

Hosty. And

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Hostis And hee maintaines me hearelike I knowe not what.

City w. I, and what say, they are their wiues head, well, if he be the head, shee's the body, and the body is to beare the head, and the body is to beare the purre.

Hostis They cannot misse vs, yet they regard vs not.

City wife. Misse vs? no faith, but would all women were of my minde, they call vs the weaker vessels: they should finde vessels of vs, but no weake vessels I warrant them.

Prem. Mistris my Maister calls for ye.

Hostis, Go, ile come anon, hee's not so hastie to giue me what I want I warrant ye,

City w. No, would he were, little thinkes the husband what goes through the wiues hand, washing, wringing and rubbing, vpearely, downe late, & a thousand things they looke not too.

Hostis. And yet they must haue the gouernment of all.

City w. And great reason they haue for it, but a wise man will put in a Womans hand, what? shee'l saue that hee spends.

Hostis You haue a prettie Ruffe, how deepe is it?

City w. Nay this is but shallowe, marrie I haue a Ruffe it a quarter deepe, measured by the yard.

Hostis Indeepe by the yard!

City w. By the standard, you haue a pretty set too: how big is the Steele you set it with?

Hostis. As bigge as a reasonable sufficient —

Enter Prentice.

Prem. Mistris, my Maister would desire you to come in.

City w. What? she shall not come yet, if you lay downe the bucklers you lose the victorie.

Hostis. By my troth I must goe, wee shall haue such a scuffle.

Everie Woman in her Humor.

City w. A coyle why have you not a tongue in your head: faith if ye win not all at that weapon, yee are not worthy to be a Woman, you heare not the newes abroad:

Hostess. No, what newes?

City w. No, I warrant ye, you never come abroad, this is to be troubled with a fittie man, he never comes abroad himselfe, nor suffers his wife out of his sight: yee shal never have a fatie Husband, either on his bech at the dore, or in his chair in the chimney, & there he spies & spawles a roome like aentie Tobacco takers, oh, fy on them beasts,

Hostess. But I pray thee what newes?

City w. Oh woman! thou hast heard favourd newes, and without all conscience, they say there's a statute made any woman that hurids her husband, is not to marrie againe, I saw one of these after

Hostess. A tedious time by Lady, a month were enough.

City w. I shall a month, winter nighes are long, and colde, ile tell ye, I have buried sixe, and I thank my good fortune, I can tell newe of the next ere the other was in his winding sheet.

Pro. Mistris, my maister is angrie, and the Guests call for their Hostess.

Hostess. Oke, I come, Godd when shall I see you agē?

City w. Nay, when shall I see you abroad, sildome I'me sure.

Hostess. I must needs away, God buy you Godd P.

City w. God buy ye, Godd so, I have to get wherefore I came: a word ere you go, the partie yee wot on commendeth him unto ye, he that met the other party in the white feild, they sell both for scarie, and the round Venetian, when the other party kist you, and I broake the iest on him: when this laidey kist as kindles Cones, and love searches.

Hostess. Oh! I remember him, yes faith, hee's spratie well set; hee ha's the right tricke with the tongue in his kille,

Enter a woman in her Humor

kisse, and hee dances reasonably comely, but hee falls heau-
uis.

City w. Hee sauiours of a kinde of Gallant, but not of
a Courtyer.

Hos. Well, weele haue a night ontiged be with ye

Go. *City w.* God but ye.

Enter Lavinia and Tully.

Len. Not yours nor her owne *Terentia*, your's in mo-
destie *Flavia*.

See *Tully* what an active passion loue hath plaide,

I loue, and am againe beloued, but at the lastine

Where I doe offer vp my Cordiall sacrifice,

I am returned with peremptorie scornes.

And where I stand but as a gazer,

Viewing all alike, I am put aside

With violent passions a speaking eye

Bindes fauours, and now discouering lines,

Thy counsell now deere friend, for at

Thy direction stands my heart or freedom.

Tul. Oh my Lord, affection is vnlimited,

Daring all dangers, hauing not tyme nor

figure, but beyond all arte,

Then tye not that (great Lord) to *Tullies* awe,

Fancy forswears all reason, loue all lawe.

Len. How well thy power can shun, that which

I followe with obedience, too true yfaith,

Thou mightst as well put out the eie of day,

Or eoue sinne from heauen, or to erect

A towre of faith on the vncertaine forge,

Or any thing that were more inuolent,

Then to remooue one doting thought of mine

From her disdain, thy aide deere *Tully*.

Euerie woman in her Humor.

Bethou an Orratour for *Lenulus*,
 My tongue stands tund to a harsher method,
 Breath in her cares those Organs of receite,
 A quintessence distild of hoany words,
 And charme with a beguiling lullabye,
 Her free consent to thine and my request.
 Which done, that's done, which is my sole delight,
 Which done, that's done, that I can neuer quite.

Tull: All which to me are problematique mines,
 Obscure enigmaes, and to my studies
 Incognite language: yet if my powers,
 Haue power to cloath my tongue in loue,
 Ile be a Louer, and in loue so pleade,
 As if that *Tully* loued *Terentia*.

Leut. Thanks sweete *Cicero*, this day weedine with
 olde *Flaminius*,

The forward Father of my Aukeward loue.
 His willing minde doth strue to make the peace,
 Betwixt our discord thoughts: his free consent
 Is giuen to *Lenulus*, there *Tully* takeeth on holde,
 And when a Sunne of thy intent shines fayre,
 Onset loues fort, with pollicicke assault,
 And conquer conquest in obtaining that,
 Where victors are repulst: but see,
 Our talke hath quer: take our way, see olde *Flaminius*
 Comes to welcome vs,
 With him a looke, looke the bright orient verge,
 At the vprising of *Aurora*, shine.

Enter Flaminius, Terentia and Flauia.

Flam. And my good Lord, are happily met.
 Heartily welcome, young *Tullie* welcome to, yee come
 wel to ease my charge, these Ladies finde fault with their
 Guardian, I goe positiuely for them, old blood is stiffe, &
 young Ladies wil not bcare with age: I resigne I resigne
 to you that followe.

Leut. If they admit vs for their Guardian,

Weele

Euerie woman in her Humor.

Weele dare dangers ere we part from them.

Flam. Why well saide my Lords, Soldiers will not flye indeede, I haue seene the day I could haue crackt a tree of yew, made my bowstring, whisper in mine eare if they twang: tost my pike lustilye: tis since the sledge of Parthia, bith' mas a great while, I was lustie then, at the seruice was done there, yet I loue the discourse; come my Lord, I chuse your companye, leaue Tulley to the Ladies, he can tell them tales of *Venus* and *Adonis*, and that best pleaseth them, Now I must heere of raps and blowes, and Bills and Guns, and swords and bucklers: I loued it once, come, our Cookes are backward, discourse will begette stomachs, y' are like to farrie long for leane Cates. *Exit*

Lent. Now gentle Tulley, aduocate my suite,
Her fore-amazing person makes me mute.

Cicero. Ile beare these Ladies company,
If they shall deeme acceptance. *Exit*

Teren. With interest of thanks to Cicero,

Flam. Faith I like not this odds of female, an equallitie were better: yet of both twere fitter the woman should vndergoe the oddes, I had rather a said three men to one woman, then two women to one man: heeres Tulley adrest to Terentia, Terentia drawing neere to Tully: her's smal comfort left for *Flavia*, wel gentles, ile leaue ye to the Goddesse: so ho my Lords, take me with ye.

Teren. Nay, stay good *Flauia*,
Youle not loose the sight of *Lentulus*.

Fla. Nor you of Tulley, come if you tel, ile blab.

Cice. But sweete Lady, Tully is not heere.

Fla. But Cicero is, his nere friend, that's as good.

Cice. He was Lady, till hee changed his habit, by putting on the office of an vnkilfull Seruingman, intending to garde Terentia to her fathers house.

Fla. Then *Flamia* must gard her selfe: wel, vse good words, and good action, and walke well before your Ladye, shee's kindey faith, and a litle thing will please her.

Euerie woman in her Humor

Terent. Will it please *Plautus* to partake?
Pl. Oh fy e t vere an murther, I could brook my self if there-
fore he leaue ye, but he breefe, stand not on pointes,
cut them all first, & if ye fall to kissing, kisse not too long
for feare ye kisse the post, *Exit*

Terenz. Goe so, youe still be a wagge *Plautus*!
But what saies *Talley* to *Terentia*?

Cicero. Lady I must maintaine my former argument,
Tullie's not heere, but heere is *Tullie*'s friend,
For ere I speake, I must intreate, you wil
Transforme poore *Talley* into *Lepidus*.

Terenz. I haue no power of Metemorphosing;
If *Talley* be not heere, you must conceale,
I cannot make of *Talley* *Lepidus*.

Cice. Nor can the world make *Cicero* so worthy,
Yet for an houre discomse a Peasants shape,
Nay represent the person of a king,
Then in the person of great *Lepidus*,
I doe salute Sonne-bright *Terentia*,
Lady, vouchsafe a Saint-like smile on him,
From that angell forme, whose honord minde
Lies prostrate lowly at *Terentia*'s feete,
Who hath put off a Golden victors honour,
And left the Parthyan spoyle to *Lepido*,
Whome many Ladies haue bedeckt with fauours,
Of rich esteeme, oh proud! he deign'd to weare them,
Yet giuistes and giuers hee did slight esteeme.
For why? the purpose of his thoughts were bent,
To seeke the loue of faire *Terentia*.
The choise is such, as choiser cannot bee,
Euen with a nimble eye his vertues, through
His smile is like the Meridian Sol,
Discern'd a dauncing in the burbling brooke;
His frowne out-dates the Austerest face,
Of warre or Tyranny: to sease vpon
His shape might force the Virgine huntresse

Euerie woman in her Humor.

With him for euere liue a vestall life,
His minde is vettnes ouer matcht yet this some more
Shall dye, if this and more want force,
To winne the loue of faire Terentia,
Then gentle Lady, giue a gentle dome,
Neuer was brest the Landlord to a heart,
More louing, faithfull, or more loyall,
Then is the brest of noble.

Terent. Tullie.

Tull. Lentulus.

Ter. And why not Tullie?

Tull. It stands not a pry.

Ter. It wants a fillible.

Tull. It doth.

Ter. Then noble Cicero.

Tull. That's too deere.

Ter. Gentle is good.

Then say the best of gentle Cicero.

Tull. Good Lady wrong not your honour so,

To scate vnworthy Tully with your worth old.

Oh looke vpon the worth of Lentulus.

Let your false hand be beane vnto the ballance of bro.

And with a reddeed peyze lift vp that brame.

In on the scale, put the worth of Lentulus.

His state, his honors, and his reusnewes.

Against that heauy waite, put pouertie.

The poore and naked name of Cicero.

A partner of foregarden Orators.

Then shall you see with what edentie.

One title of his worth will soone pull ypon.

Poore Tullies dignitie.

Where I will keepe and Character that name.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

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That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

That shall they do, for the worth of Lentulus.

Euerie woman in her Humor,

Ter. Speake still if thou wilt, but not for him,
The more thou speak'st, the more augments my loue;
If that thou canst adde more to infinite,
The more thou speakest, the more decreaseth his,
If thou canst take away, ought from nothing,
Thinke *Tulley*, if *Lentulus* can loue me,
So much and more, *Terentia* doth loue thee.

Tull: Oh Madam!

Tulley is poore, and poore is counted base.

Ter: Vertue is rich and blots a poore disgrace.

Tul. *Lentulus* is great, his frowne's my woe,
And of a friend he will become my foe.

Ter. As he is friend, we will intreate his loue;
As he is great, his threatnings shall not make me loue.

Tul. Your fathers graunt, makes *Lentulus* your Lord,

Teren. But if thereto his daughter not accord,
That graunt is cancel'd, fathers may commaund,
Life before loue, for life to true loue's paund.

Tul: How will *Flaminius* brooke my pouertie?

Ter. VVell, when *Flaminius* sees no remedie,
Lord how woman like are men, when they are woe'd?
Tully, weigh me not light, nere did immodest blush,
Colour these cheekes, but ardent.

Tul: Silence sweete Lady, heere comes *Flauia*.

Fla. Fie, fie, how teadious ye are: yonders great looking for *Tulley*, the olde Senate has put on his spectacles, and *Lentulus* and hee are turning the leaues of a dog-hay, leaues of a worme eaten Chronicle, and they want *Tullies* iudgement.

Tul: About what sweete Lady?

Fla: To know what yeare it was the showers of raine fell in Aprill:

Tul: I can resolue it by rote Lady, twas that yeare the Cuckoo sung in May: another token Lady, there reigned in Rome a great Tyrant that yere, and many Maides lost their heads for vsing flesh on Fishdaies.

Fla. And

Euerie woman in her Humor.

Fl. And some were sacrificed as a burnt offering to the Gods of Hospitallitie, were they not?

Tul. Yare a wag *Flauia*, but talk and you, must needs haue a parting blowe.

Flau. No matter so we stand out and close not.

Tull. Or part faire at the close and too't againe.

Flau. Nay, if we should too't againe *Terentia* would growe icalous.

Tul. Ladies, I take my leaue,
And my loue.

Ter. Take heede ye sigh not, nor looke red at the table Tully.

Flau. Your shoe wrings you Lady. *Exit.*

Ter. Go to, ye are a wanton *Flauia*.

Fla. How now *Terentia*, in your nine Muses?
There's none must pleade in your case but an Orator.

Ter. I want one indeede Wench, but thou hast two, and the gentle destinies may send thee three nere bluffs: for smoke and the fire of a womans leue cannot bee hid. oh a fine tongue, dipt in *Helicon*; a comedian tongue is the onely perswasive ornament to win a Lady, why his discourse is as pleasant

Fla. As how I prethee?

Ter. And keepes as good decorum; his prologue with obedience to the skirt; a rough Scene of ciuill Warres, with a clapping conclusion, perhappes a lisse, if not the Tragicomicall Tale of *Mars* and *Venus*; then must shee take the Tale by the end, where hee defending *Mars*; & she *Venus*, must fall from billing to byting, from byting to blowes; to get the Supremacie.

Fla. A good policie to praise *Cicero*;
For feare I rob you of your *Lenulus*.

Ter. Faith a Sou'dier is not forthy humor, now I erie a Warriour, he fights stoutly in a field bed, discharges his worke sure, vnder his Curtaines would I fight, but come, our Louers melt while wee meditate; thou forthy

D

Scholler;

Euerie woman in her Humor

scholler, I for my fouldier: and if we cannot please them
so, wee le shake off this loose habit, and turne Pages to
please their humors.

Exeunt.

Enter Accutus and Graccus.

Grac. Come *Accutus*, discharge your follower: let's
leauce rubbing a while, since the byas runs so much the
wring way: Sirra, these bowles which we roule and turn
in our lower spher, are by vse made wodden worldlings
right for euery one strues who shall ye neereft the mist-
ris.

Ac. They poss indeed, as their nature is, in an euen way,
but they are cowards, theile abide no danger, they rub at
euerie mole-hil, and if they tyre in going vp a hill, they
retire and come backe againe. (begone.

Grac. Well, let them alley, bet all, then, to rest, away,

Scil. S'foote *Graccus*, heeres a couple of our old gam-
sters, oh for quicke conceite to beget a iest: here's two
that either a man must be acquainted or quarrell with, &
of two euils ile chose the latter, I hope to make it the les-
ser: if I should be acquainted, the foole will haunt me: if I
quarrell, I may be so blest as to be rid of a foole.

Grac. I haue a womans wit for a suddaine stratageme.

Scil. Noby my troth, by this bright horrifon —

Enter Scil. and Sernulus.

Accut. An excellent Cuckoo, hee keepes his note in
Winter.

Scil. I haue no appetite at all to liue in the countrie
any more: now as they say, I haue got a smacke on the
Cittie, sld I thinke (as the prouerbe goes) I was wrapt in
my mothers smocke the day I was begotten, I thanke the
Goddesse *Cupid* for it, I am so fauourd of the Women,
my hostes loues me execrably.

Accut. Good reason, fooles make good sport.

Grac. Seuer, seuer, ere wee bee discovered.

Ser. Sir, the respectiue regard of your well gouerned
partes do challenge a mellifluous species of enduement.

or

Euerie woman in her Humor,

Or conuulsiuous estimation.

Grac: Gentles, God saue ye, well ouer-taken Gallants.

Scil. Welcome by the welkin.

Grac. Tis a verie pleasant weather.

Ser. Sir, the ayre is frugall.

Grac. Is that Gentleman of your Company?

Scil. Our company sir, no, we are no companions for lame Souldiers.

Grac. Propper man, pittie he is so regardles: a good legge, it seemes he has some greefe in it.

Scil. Nay, and he be lame ile talke to him, there's so many lustie knaues walkes now a daies, will not sticke to giue a man hard words, if he be not disposed to charitie: harke ye sir, I vnderstand ye are a propper man, and that you haue a good legge.

Acut. And what of that Sir?

Scil. What of that? shid he answeres me like a sturdy beggar already: by the five elements or sences, I ask e ye for no hurt, ide he stowe my charitie as franke as——

Acut. Stoope and looke out, zoundes a Gentleman cannot come by a misfortune in seruice or so, but enerie foole wil ride him take that—— *Exit.*

Gra. Sirra, stay, ile combat thee in his defence.

Ser. Sir, be pacificall, the impotent must bee lightly regarded.

Grac. Giue mee leaue Gentlemen, ile follow him.

Scil. Nay, I pray you be malcontented, I haue no great hurt: but in reuenge hee's a rascall for vsing mee so, hee may thank God, discretion gouerned me, tis wel known I haue alwaies bene a man of peace, ile not strike yee the least mouse in anger, nor hurt the poorest Conney that goes in the streety, for I know of fighting comes quarrelling, of quarrelling comes brawling, and of brawling growes hard words, and as the learned *puerelis* writes, tis good sleeping in a whole skin.

Everie woman in her Humor

Grac. Sir, your discretion shall gouerne me at this time;
your name I pray ye sir?

Scil. My name is signior *Scillicer*.

Grac. Euen so sir: nay sir, I doe not forget your Argument.

Enter Accutus.

Acut. Saue ye sir, saw you not a Gentleman come
this way euen now, somewhat hurt in the one of his
Legges?

Scil. He went by euen now sir, is he a friend of yours?

Acut. A deare friend, and a propper Gentleman sir.

Scil. By the horison hee's a propper man indeede, he
gaueme the time of the day, as hee went by: I haue a gal-
lon of wine for him at any time. If ye see any thing in me
worth commendations, I pray ye commend me to him.

Acut. I will sir, twere best you gaueme good words,
but ile trie ye farther yet, fare yewell sir.

Scil. I pray you remember me to him, you see my an-
ger is ouer already.

Grac. Sir, I did not note ye, what fellow was that?

Scil. Sir, hee's a friend of his, that strooke mee euen
now.

Grac. Would ye not strike him? lets followe.

Scil. Indeede ye shall not, I hate it.

Ser. I will not be barren of my armorie, in my future
perambulation for the lower element.

Grac. You are to patient in wrongs sir, Zoundes I know
not how to picke a quarrell.

Serr. Sir, the grieuous youth is inwardlye posselt
with a supple spirit, hee can brooke impugnyng, but
tis aduerse to my spirit if I were armed.

Enter Accutus.

Acut. Saue ye gallants, saw ye not a fellowe come
halcing this way of late?

Scil. Hath

Euerie woman in her Humor

Scil: Hath he done any hurt, or is hee a friend of yours?

Accut: Hee's a Rascall, and ile maintaine him so.

Scil: Hee's a verie Rascall indeede, and hee vsed mee like a knaue: if ere I meete him I shall hardly put it vp, I haue it in blacke and blew to shew heere.

Serr: Say I breath defyance to his front.

Accut: Challenge him the field.

Scil: Dooft thinke heele answer me? ile challenge him at the pich-forkes, or the Flaile, or ile wrastle a fall with him for a bloody nose, anye weapon I haue bene brought vp in, ile

Accut: What will ye? heere he is, you minime that will be friend with friends, and foe with foes, and you that will defie *Hercules*, and out-braue *Mars*, and feares not the Deuill, passe bladder, ile make ye swell.

Scil: By Gods-lid if I had knowne it had bene you, I would not haue saide so to your face.

Exeunt

Accut: Away with your Champion, goe.

Grac: This was excellentlye performd, ifaith a better breathing then a game at bowles.

Accut: Theile giue you the good salue any time this month, for I am sure they haue saluing enough for so long.

Grac: I pittie the foole yfaith, but the tother Horse-leach, I wish his blowes trebled: I conuerst with him, but a Rogue so stuf with a lybrary of new minited words, so tearing the sence, I neuer met with.

Accut: But now we haue spoilde our determinate dinner at my hostesse of the Hobbye, we shall nowe be knowne.

Grac: That holds well still, I am taken for a prooued friend, and thou shalt be disguised till I haue wrought a league by vertue of a pottle of Canarie.

Accut: Content, mine Host shall be accessarie, and ile be a seruiter to obserue myracles.

Euerie Woman in her Humor?

Gra. They are good subiects for idle houres: but soft
what second course is entring heere?

Enter Phy. Bos and Boy.

Phy. For I did but kisse her: Bos, how lik'st thou my
relish?

Bos. Oh Sir, relish but your licour as you doe your
song, you may goe drunke to bed any day in the weeke.

Phy. Sister awake, close not, &c. does my face hold co-
lour still?

Bos. I, and you would but scauige the pavilion of your
nose.

Gra. I marrie *Accutus* how lik'st thou this Gentlewo-
man Gallant?

Accut. A good statef-man, for common wealth of
Brownists, the Rogue hates a Church like a Counter.

Gra. I, and if my Ladie Argentile were dead, he wold
rather liue vppon almes then fall to worke,

Accut. So he might haue tolleration,
What, shal's close with them?

Gra. In any case, but in some milde imbrace, for if we
should continue thus rough, we should be shund like an
Appoplex.

Accut. Gallants, the fortune of the day runs with ye,
what all at mum chance? how ist? how ist?

Phy. Sir, I think twas you bestowd some abuse of me
tother day.

Accut. Which I would wipe out of your memorie with
satisfaction of a double curtesie.

Phy. I accept it yfaith sir, I am not prone to anger, I
assure ye the following night knewe not my anger: your
acquaintance Signior.

Gra. Fye, without ceremony, lets yoake this triplicity
as we did in the daies of olde, with mirth and melody.

Phy. I, say you so? then Coll her and clip her, & kisse
her

Euerie woman in her Humor

her too, &c.

Bos The triplicitie, heere's, those has supt at an ordinarie.

Accu. This gallant humors.

Gra. But the other walkes a loose.

Bos The triplicitie, heere's those has crackt Glasses, & drawne blood of a Tapster.

Gra. The visitation of your hand sir.

Bos The Triplicitie, will colours change?

Accu: Sir, take no offence I beseech ye, we gaue onelye satisfaction for an olde iniurie, but in the degree of amitie your selfe sits in the superlatiue.

Bos Not so sir, but in respect.

Gra. What kinde is your Dogge of Sir?

Bos: Verie kinde to any thing but his meate, that hee deuours with great alacritie.

Grac. Where way he bred?

Bos In a Bitch.

Gra. What countrie?

Bos A kinde of Mungrill, he will carrie, but not fetch, marrie hee is to be put to a dauncing schoole for instruction.

Accu. The tricke of the rope were excellent in him, & that ile teach him if I misse not my marks come Gallants, we waste time, the first Tauerne wee arriue at, wee le see the race of an houre-glasse.

Phy. Can ye a part in a Song?

Gra. Verie tollerably.

Phy. Weele haue a catch then, if with sol, sol, la: Gentlemen, haue you any good herbe? you haue match boy,

Boy: Your pipe shall want no fire sir.

Accu: Oh without ceremony: now *Gracius*, if we can but pawne thei's fences in Sacks and Sugar, let mee alone to pursue the sequell.

Gra. Follow it, away.

Exeunt.

Enter

Euerie Woman in her Humor.

*Enter Hostis, Citizens wife, Scruulus and
Scillicet.*

Hostis: Come, come, bring them out of the ayre: alas good hearts, what rogorous villaine would commit with him? ile tell ye Gossip, hee's cene as kinde an animall, he would not wrong them yfaith.

Citty wife. Tush, feare nothing woman, I hope to make him so againe: alacke, alacke, how fell you out, all at head? oh Butcher! are ye hurt in another place?

Hostis: Did he not throw you against the stones? If he did, doe not conceale, I dare say you gaue them not a foule word.

Scil. By the illuminate welkin not a word till my mouth was full of blood, and so made my words foule.

Citty wife. Is not this Gentleman hurt to?

Serr: Onelye the extrauagant Artire of my arme is bruised.

Cittie wi: See, see, the extrauagant of his arme is bruised to, alas how could ye quarrell so?

Serr: I will demonstrate, in defence of the generous youth, I did appugne, my aduerse let violently flie.

Citty wife: Ah good hearts! would I had stood betwen you when he let flie so violently.

Ser: We voide of hostile armes.

Hostis I, if they had had horses, they had sau'd their armes.

Serr: Be capable, I meane, voide of armorie.

Citty wife: Vntill ye had had armor on.

Serr: Had I bene accompaigned with my Toledo, or morglay——

Cittie wife: I, your Dogge or Bitch:

Serr: Continue I beseech, I meane my sword, sole lye my sword:

Cittie wife: Or solely your sword, better a bad toole then none at all.

Ser: In

Euerie woman in her Humor

Serr. In the concourse.

Cittiew. Nay, the concourse will light on him for it
I warrant.

Serr. I, for the tuition of my Capitall, did mount my
Semiſphere three degrees, that as a ſtrong & ſtony guard
did defend my Capitall.

Cittym. Twas well yee kept him out, for if hee had
entred on your ſtony Guard, he wold haue ſpoilde your
Capitall.

Serr. In fine being mortally affaild, he did preambu-
late or walke off.

Scil. Yes faith, he did preambulate, and walke mee
finely.

Cittiew. Good heartes, how many were there of them?

Serr. About the number of ſeauen.

Scil. I there was ſeauen.

Serr. Or eight.

Scil. Or eight.

Serr. Rather more.

Cittiw. I more at leaſt I warrant ye.

Hoſſis. Alasſe ye cannot chuſe but be more hurt, but
ile ſearch you thoroughly be aſſured.

Cittym. And if ſhe cannot helpe ye, fewe can, ſhee
knowes what belongs to a Tent or a bruſe, and experi-
ence is good in thoſe caſes.

Serr. I haue a concupiſcent forme of truſt in your ſkil,
it will malladiſe.

Cittym. I feare not, put both your concupiſcences in
me for that matter.

Serr. The generous will diſburſe coynage for ſatis-
faction of your metaphiſicall endeour.

Scil. Yes, yes, I will diſcharge all.

Cittiewiſe. Wee make no doubt of that, come into a
chamber, ye ſhall lye downe awhile, perhaps youle bee
ſtiſſe anon, then you ſhall uſe your legges, the more you
ſtrive with it, the better, alas good heartes.

Exeunt

E.

Phy. Sol,

Euerie woman in her Humor

Phy. Sol, sol, la, Tapster, giue attendance Gentlemen,
I hope all we are friends, the welkin is skie colour still,
and men must growe by degrees, you must pardon me,
I must sp—speake my minde.

Grac: The vitermost of your minde at this time cannot be offensive.

Phy. The fryer was in the sol, sol, draw the tother quart,
I hope you are not angrie gallants? and yee come to my
lodging, ye shall be welcome, my Hostes shall bid you
welcome: shee's a good wench, if I say the word, she wil
fa-full fill it.

Acut. Sirra drawer, for the other thats a sleepe, let
him so remaine: for the Dog let him be bound to a post
for his appearance, till I take order for his vndooing.

Draw. The foole and the Dogge shall both take rest
at your commaund Sir.

Phy. Gentlemen, I hope we are all friends, sol, sol,
shals haue a catch?

Gra.: I, come come, euerie one, catch a part. *Sing*

Phy. Hey good boies ifaith, now a three mans song,
or the olde downe a downe: well, things must be as they
may, sills the other quart, muskadine with an egge is fine,
theres a time for all things, *bonos noctibus.* *Sleepe*

Grac. Good night to you sir.

Acut. So, now *Gracius* see, what a polluted lumpes,
A deformed *Chaos* of vnsteddy earth
Man is, being in this ill kinde vnma^d, seeming something
Bestiall man, brutish animall: well tis thus decreede
He shall be what he seemes, that's deade. I
For what in him shoves life, but a breathing ayre,
Which by a free constraint it selfe ingenders
In things without life: as twixt a paire of bellows
We feele a forcible aire, hauing of it selfe
Force & being, no more is this breathing block, (gation
But for his vse in kinde: giue out in some burse or cōgre
Among the multitude, *Philaninus* death.
Let all the customarie rights offuneral,

His

Everie woman in her Humor

His knell or what else be solemnly obserued,
He take order for his winding sheetes:
And further, to furnish it with further suertie,
He haue a potion, that for twentie houres,
Shall quench the motion of his breath.
Goe, spread, let me alone to effect it.

Gra. He shew it I warrant thee, thou talkst of burse, I haue
away worth ten on't, ile first giue it out in my Barbers
shop, then at my ordinarie, and that's as good as a broad:
and as I crosse Tiber, my waterman shall attach it, heele
send it away with the tide, then let it come out to an Oy-
ster wenches eare, and sheele crie it vp and downe the
streetes.

Acut: Let's first secure him from eyes, and at night
he shall be portered to our chamber: so, now away.

Gra. Oh a couple that would spread earely, let's giue
it for loues sake.

Enter Hostis & Cittizens wife.

Acut: Call, call,

Gra. Hem, hem.

Cittiy wife. A pox on your hemmings, doe you think
we care for your hemmings,

Hostis: Tis some stinking troublesome knaue I war-
rant ye.

Cittiy wife: Hang him, regard him not, theres hem-
ming indeede like a Cat, (God blesse vs) with a burr in
her throate.

Exeunt

Gra. Sharr, how we are ript vp for this?

Ac. Oh man, this hemming is the most hatefulst thing,
there's not the moste publique punck, nor worme-eaten
bawd that can abide it, and honestie would runne
madde to heare it, but come, wee wast time, tis
now about the mid of day, we must sowe arithmatike by
the houres, that let the morrowes heighen *Philantus*
awake againe, at which time hee shall bee on
his Hearse, and all the Guestes of the Hobbye invited

Euerie woman in her Humor

to accompany his ghost, when being awake himselfe, and all shall see, if drunkennesse be not mad misterie.

Grac. But I prethee practise some milder behauiour at the ordinarie, be not al madman.

Acus. Push, ise bee all obseruatiue, and yet ifsaith I grieue to see this double garded age, all hidecoate, all foole, fye, thou keepest the sports from the marke, away, and returre what newes is now in progresse.

Grac. I haue the newest, Terentia Daughter to the olde Senate, thogh Lentulus left the field to come to her, yet she hath forsaken him in the open field, and shee's for our young Oratour Tully, she has vow'd by *Venus* legge, and the little God of Loue, he shal be her captaine, shee'll serue vnder him till death vs depart, and thereto I plight thee my troth.

Acus. More Ladies Terentias, I crie still,
That prise a Saint before a Silken foole,
She that loues true learning and pompe disdaines,
Treades on Tartarus, and Olympus gaines.

Grac. I marrie, but then would learning be in colours proud, proud, then would not foure nobles purchase a benefice, two Sermons in a yeare.

Acus. I *Graccus*, now thou hitst the finger right,
Vpon the shoulder of Ingratitude:
Thou hast clapt an action of flat felony
Now ill be tide that partiall iudgement,
That doomes a farmers rich, aduultus,
to the supremacy of a Deanrie.

When needie, yet true grounded Discipline,
Is govern'd with a threed bare Vycarage.

Grac. I thou speak'st well of their sides that are liberally ouerseene in the sciences, I take no hold on't, but were all men of thy minde, then would euerie Schoole-maister bee a Senate, and there would neuer come Cobler to be Constable againe.

Acus. Ynough, ynough *Graccus*, let silence scale vp
Our secret thoughts, and libertie say,

Virius

Euerie woman in her Hamor

*Virtus sola summa gloria,
Quæ format homines, vera honore.*

Exeunt

Enter Flaminius and Tully.

Flam. Goe to I say, vrge no more, tis Tauerne talk, for Tauerners Table talke for all, the vomit of rumor: what newes saies one? none so new as this, *Tully* shall be married to *Terentia*: what newes saies another? the same, the same, whose consent haue ye? not mine, I deny it, I must knowe of it, ile haue a hand, goe to, no more.

Tul. Gentle sir,
Lay not that leaden load of foule reproach,
Vpon so weake a prop, what's done is past recall,
If oughr is done, vnfitting to be done,
The worst is done, my life must answere it.

Flam. I, you shall answere it in the Senate house, the Emperor shall knowe it; if she be my childe, I will rule her, ile bridle her: ile curbe her: ile raine her, if she will not, let her goe, starue, begge, hang, drawe, finck, swimme she gets not a doir, a denier, ile not owne her.

Tul. Reuerend Sir be more patient.

Flam. I am impatient: I am troubled: I am vext: I am scoft: I am pointed at: ile not endure it: ile not abide it: ile be reuenged, I wil: of her: of you both: proud boy: wanton giglot, a foyring hautie, knowe your equals, thees not for ye, if ye persist, by my holy maker you shall answere it, looke to it, you shall, you shall indeede.

Tul. I shall, I must, I will, I will indeede,
Euen to the greatest I will answere it:
If great mens eares be ope to innocency,
If greatnesse be not partiall with greatnesse,
Euen to the greatest I will answere it.
Perhaps some shallowe censurer will say,
The Orator was proud, he would climbe too high,
But heauen and truth will say the contrarie.

Everie woman in her Humor

My greatest griefe is I haue my friend betraide,
The treason's done, I, and the Traitor's aflee,
Yet innocent Treason needes not to flee,
His loyaltie bids me abide his frowne,
And he hath power to raise, or hurle me downe.

Tere. What ailes my Tully, wherefore look'st thou
What discontent hath stopt the crimson current (sad)
Which ran so cheerefully within that brow,
And makes it fullen like a standing pool?
Tell me, who ist hath wrong my *Cicero*?

Tul. Oh wrong him not.

Tere. Who is it then that wrongs my Tully so?
What hath *Terentia* ought offended thee?
Doo'st thou recall thy former promises?
Dost thou repent thee of ———

Tul. Oh wrong me not.

Tere. What hath my Father done this iniurie?
There, there, thy thoughts accord to say tis so,
I will deny him then, hee's not my father,
Hee's not my friend will I enuie *Cicero*.

Tul. Wrong not thy selfe.

Teren. What heauie string doost thou deuide vpon?
Wrong not him, wrong not me, wrong not thy selfe,
Where didst thou learne that dolefull mandrakes note,
To kill the hearers? *Tully*,
Canst thou not indure a little danger for my loue?
The fierie spleene of an angrie Father,
Who like a storme will soone consume it selfe,
I haue indurde a thousand iarring houres,
Since first he did mistrust my fancies aime:
And will indure a thousand thousand more,
It life or discord either liue so long.

Tul. The like will I for sweete *Terentia*,
Feare not, I haue approoued armour on,
Will bide the brunt of popular reproach,
Or whatsoever.

Tere. Enough

Euerie woman in her Humor

Ter. Enough Tully, we are discovered.

Fla. Ye saith, are ye at it? what is there neuer al bouing
seare shed on neither side? nor you? nor you? *Tullies* are
red, come, come ye fooles, be more breefe, I would haue
buried three husbands before youle be married.

Tul. Why liues *Flavia* a Virgin still? (band

Fla. Because I haue vow'd virginitie til I can get a huf-

Teren. Why *Flavia* you haue many suitors.

Flav. Oh I am loaden with suitors: for indeede I am
faine to beare with any of them, I haue a dumbe shewe
of all their pictures, each has sent in his seuerall shadow,
and I sweare I had rather haue them then the substance
of any of them.

Tul. Can you not describe them in action?

Flav. Yes, and their action: I haue one honest man of
the age of fortie five or there about, that traueses his
ground three mile euerie morning to speake to mee, and
when hee is come, after the saluting ceremony of how do
you Lady, hee fallies to calculating the natiuitie of the
Moone, prognosticating what faire weather will follow,
if it eithersnow or raine, sometime with a gentle pinche
by the finger, intermixed with the valley of sighes: hee
fallies to discoursing of the prise of pease, and that is
as pleasing to me as a stinking breath.

Tul. A good description.

Fla. Another bringes Letters of commendation
from the Constable of the Parish, or the Church-
warden, of his good behaiour and bringing vp, how
hee could write and reade written hand: further,
desiring that his Father would request my Father
that his Fathers Sonne might marrie my Fathers
Daughter, and heele make her a ioynter of a
hundred pound a yeare, and beget three or foure
fooles to boote.

Teren. Better and better.

Flav. *Vnus promptus facit.*

Famula

Euerie woman in her Humor

Femina ludificatur viros, well, forward,

Tul. I haue another, that I prize derer then the rest, almost sweete youth, and in the winde stand with him I can smell him halfe a mile ere hee come at me, indeede hee wears a Musk-cat, what call ye it about him?

Tul. What doe you call it?

Flau. What ye will, but hee smells better then burnt Rosemarie, as well as a perfuming pan, and euerie night after his first sleepe, writes loueficke sonnets, rayling against left handed fortune his foe, that suffers his sweete heart to floune on him so.

Tul. Then it seemes you graunt him no fauour.

Flau. Faith I dare not venture on him for feare hee should be rotten: give me nature, not arte.

Ter. Here comes Lord *Leuius*.

Tul. Swift danger now ride poaste through this passage, health to your honour.

Lent. And happines to you.

Tul. It is heauen deere Lord, but ———

Lent. Tush, tush, on earth, come, come, I know your suite, tis graunted sure what ere it be.

Tul. My sute craues death for treason to my friend.

Ter. The Traitor liues while I haue breath to spend, Then let me die to satisfie your will.

Lent. Neither yfaith, kneele not, rise, rise, I pray You both confesse you haue offended me.

Both. We doe, we haue.

Lent. Then for this offence, be this your doome,

Tulley must die, but not till fates decree

To cut your vitall threed, or *Terentia*

Finde in her heart to be your Deaths-man?

Flau. Faith the Fates may doe as they may, but *Terentia* will neuer finde in her heart to kill him, sheele first burie him quick.

Lent. The like is doomde to faire *Terentia*,
How say you both, are yee content?

Ter. My

Euerie woman in her Humour.

Ter. My thoughts are plung'd in admiration.

Tul. But can your honour burie such a wrong?

Len. I can. I can, heere *Tully*, take *Terentia*,
I lue many happie yeares in faithfull loue,
This is no more then friendship's lawes allow,
Thinke me thy selfe another *Cicero*.

Flau. Twere better my Lord, you did perswade her to
think you another *Cicero*, so you might claim some inte-
rest in her now and then.

Len. That I would claime with y ou, faire Ladie, hark
in your eare, nay, I must conclude with you.

Flau. Youle not bite my Lord?

Len. No, of my faith my Lady.

Ter. Thus far my loue, our hopes haue good successe,
One storme more past, my griefes were much the lesse.

Tul. Friendship it selfe hath beene more prodigal,
Then a bolde face could begge vpon a friend.

Len. Why then, theres a bargaine.

Flau. Strike hands vpon the same, I am yours to com-
maund.

Ile loue with ye, ile lie with ye, ile loue with all my heart,
With all my strength, with all my power and vertue:
Seald and deliuered in the presence of vs:

Len. *Matens, Tullius, and Cicero.*

Then you deliuer this as your act and deede?

Flau. I doe, and seale it with this—

Len. Why well said, tis done, see, we begin but now,
And are as ready to goe to Church as you:
What needes further ceremony?

Flau. Yes, a little matrimony.

Len. I Lady, coine *Tully* and *Terentia*,
One day shall shine on both our Nuptials,
Feare not, ile quench the fire of your Fathers heate
With my consent.

Flau. I prethee appoint the time.

Len. About a weeke hence loue.

Euerie woman in her Humor

Flau. Oh, tis too intollerable long.

Lent. Then foure daies.

Flau. Foure daies is foure times foure & twenty hours that's too long too.

Lent. We cannot sooner be readie.

Flau. Yes and vnreadie too, in a day and a halfe.

Lent. Well then two daies.

Flau. Til then weele feede on conceits, *Tully* thanke me but for your companys, I would not carrie so long: come *Tully* since wee shall bee married all at one time, weele goe to bed so, and he shall be maister of the Cock-pit, that bids his Gossips first.

Exeunt.

Enter Achus and Gracius.

Achus. Nay quicke *Gracius*, least our houre fore-stall vs, ile in and deale for your disguise, tarrie thou, & giue mine host a share of our intent, marry, charge him to keep it as secret as his Garbage. Hee vndoos our drift and cloathes the foole in sack-cloath during his life.

Gra. Ile warrant thee ile manage it with as good iudgement as a Constable his charge.

Achus. And I mine as a watchman his office.

Gra. Better I hope: well about it. *Exit.*

Host. There, there, my little lackey boyes, giue the word as ye passe, look about to my guests there, score vp at the Bar there; again, agen my fine Mercuries; if youle lue in the facultie, be rulde by instructions: you must bee eyed like a Serieant, an eare like a Belfounder, your conscience a Schoolemaister, a knee like a Courtier; a foole like a Lackey, and a tongue like a Lawyere, away, away, my braue bullies: welcome sweete Signior, I cannot bow to thy knee. I'me as stout & as stiff as a new made knight, but if I say the word mine Host bids the Cobler.

Gra. May I craue a word of you mine Host?

Host. Thou shalt, whisper in mine eare, I will see and say little, what I say, d'us the mouse & welcom my bullies.

Enter.

Euerie woman in her Humor,

Enter Scillicet and Getica.

Scil. By the torrid zone (sweet heart) I haue thought well of you euer since I loued ye, as a man woid say (like a young dauncer out of all measure) if it please you y^e faith, any thing I haue promised you, ile performe it to a haire, ere to morrow night.

Get. I wounder I can heare no newes of my man and my puppie.

Scil. Doe you thinke sweet heart, to be maried by day light or by torch-light?

Get. By night is more Lady-like, ile haue a cryer to crie my puppie sure.

Scil. What thinke ye if we had an offering?

Get. That were most base, y^e faith.

Scil. Base, and I cannot tel, if it were as base as a sag but ile be sworne tis as common as a whore, tis euen as common to see a Bason at the Church doore as a box at a Playhouse.

Get. It grieues me not so much for my man, as for my puppie, my man can shift for himselfe, but my poor puppie, truly I thinke I must take Phisicke euen for feare sweete heart.

Hos. Tut, tut, I warrant thee, ile be as close as a bawd, ile keep mine owne counsell, be merrie and a close, merrie hart liues long, let my guests take no wrong, & welcome my bullie.

Exit.

Grac. Theres none ment beleue it sin.

Scil. Signior, by the welkin well met, what all three so luckely?

Enter Seruulus.

Ser. Gallants, sauing the Ceremonie, Stroke your haire yp and admire, for sweare sacke!

Euerie woman in her Humor

Scil. Forswear Sacke, slid not for the spending of two farmes more, if they were come into my hands once,

Ser. I say be astonisht and forswear sacke, for by the cumburstion influence of sacke, fīue men lye breathlesse, ready to be folded in the terrestiall element.

Grac: Fīue slaine with Sacke, ist possible?

Ser. These eyes are testators.

Scil. Nay then tis so.

Getica: Sir, you haue not heard of a puppie in your trauels.

Grac: No, indeed, Gentlewoman.

Ser. Fīue beleeueme Sir.

Actu: Fīue of one, oh deuil! what limme of him but a complete Villaine,

A tongue, prophaneer then Idolatrie;

His eye a Beacon, fixed in his place:

Discovering illes, but hood winckt vnto grace,

Her heart a nest of vice, kept by the Deuill,

His good is none at all, his all, is euill;

Hostis: Oh the father! Gallants, yonders the most hard fauourd newes walkes the streetes, seauen men goeing to their graues that dyed with drinking and biffeling.

Actu: Good still, nay, then I see the deuill has some power ouer a woman more then a man, seauen! t'will bee more anon.

Get: Now I beseech *Bacchus* my puppi: has not ouerseene him selfe.

Scil. This is verie strange.

Hostis. And as true a report I assure you.

Cittie wife: Out alas, where's my Gosip? oh woman! haue you not heard the newes?

Hostis. Yes, I haue heard on't.

Cittie wife. Oh woman, did your childees childe euer see the like, nine men to bee buried too day, that drunke healt he last night.

Actu: Better and better, goodnes neuer mends so fast

in

Euerie woman in her Humor

in the carrying in iue!

Cutie wife. They say one is your guest *Phalantus*;

Actu. And all I dare sweare, whome ile reaiue againe

Cutie wife Well, he was a proper many faith.

Hostis. I, and had good skill in prick-song, yet hee had a fault in his humor, as none are without (but Puritans:) he would sweare like an Elephant, and stampe and stare (God blesse vs.) like a play-hou's book-keeper, when the actors misse their entrance.

Scil. Nay harke ye sir, I can brooke much iniurie, but not that, meddle with me, but not with my trade, shee is mine owne, shee's *mens, inus, sunt*, no mans else, I assure ye we are sure together.

Grac. Sure ye are together sir, but is your wife, your trade? you meane to liue vpon your wife then.

Actu. The foole has some wit though his money be gone.

Grac. Sir, I hope ye are not offended, I assure ye would be loath to offend the least haire of your *caput, fissiput, or occiput.*

Scil. *Occiput*: what meane you by *occiput*?

Grac. The former part of your head.

Scil. The former part of your head, why I hope I haue not an *occiput*, in the former part of my head, Signior *Serranus*, what meanes he by it?

Serr. The signification of the word onely amounts to this, the former part of your head.

Accu. The foole is ieaious, prethee feede it.

Scil. S'lid I cannot be so satisfied, I pray you Signior what meanes he by *occiput*?

Grac. No hurt verily, onely, the word signifies, and the reason is (saith *Varro*) being a great deriuier from originals it is called *occiput*, for that the former part of the head looks likest the Oxe.

Scil. Likest the Oxe, by gad, if ere I come to talke with that *Varro*, ile make him show a better reason for it.

Euerie Woman in her Humor.

Grac. But howsoeuer, it proceeded from me all in kindenes.

Scil. Sir, I accept it so, for I tell ye I am of a mollifying nature, I can strut, and againe in kindnesse, I can suffer a man to breake my head, and put it vp without anger.

Accut. I claime that priuiledge sir, I thinke I offended you once that way.

Scil. I loue ye then for it sir, yet I cannot remember that euer a Tapster broke my head, yet I call to minde I haue broke many Tapsters heads.

Accut. Not as a Tapster, for I but borrow this habyt.

Scil. The fruite is knowne by the tree, by gad I knewe by your aporn ye were a gentleman, but speciallye by your flat cap.

Serr. I call to memorie, let vs vniue with kinde imbrace.

Citie wife. Now well fare your harts, by my truth tis ioy to a woman, to see men kinde, faith you courtiers are mad fellowes, ye care not in your humors to stab man or woman that standes in your way, but in the end your kindenes appeares.

Hostis. You can resolue vs sir, we hear of great reuels to be at Court shortly.

Grac. At the marriage of Lentulus, and the Orator, verie true.

Hostis. Might not a company of Wiues be beholding to thee for places that would be there without their husbands knowledge if neede were?

Grac. A moitie offriendship that, ile place ye where ye shall sit and see all.

Citie wife. Sir, nay if there were but good standinges, we care not.

Accu. S foot *Gracum* we tarris too long I feare, the houre wil ouer take vs, tarrie thou and inuite the Guests, and Ile goe see his course mounted.

Grac. About it.

Hostis. Whethe

Euerie woman in her Humor

Hostis. Whether goes that Gentleman?

Grac. About a needefull trouble; this gentleman
Hath at the charges of his charitie,
Preparde to inter, a friend of his,
Though lately entertaind a friend of yours.
Acquaintance to you all, Philantus: and would desire
You would with him accompany his ghost
To funerall, which will be presently on his journey.
Cutler w. sc. Of his charge, dyed he not able to purchase
a Winding sheete?

Grac. Twere sinne to wrong the dead, you shal heare
the iouentoric of his pocket.

Inprimis, A brush and a Combe,	— o — o —	v. d.
Item, a looking Glasse.	— o — o —	i. d. ob.
Item, A case of Tobacco Pipes.	— o — o —	iiij. d.
Item, Tobacco halfe an ounce,	— o — o —	vj. d.
Item, in money and golde.	— o — o —	iiij. d.

Summa totalis. xix. d. halfe penny.

Hostis. What was his suite worth?

Grac. His sute was colde, because not his owne, and
the owner caused it to be restored as part of recompence,
hauing lost the principall.

Acus. What, are they readie: the Corse is on his iour-
ney hetherwards.

Grac. Tush, two womens tungs giue as loud report
as a campe royall of double cannons.

Enter Host, Cornutus.

Host. Tut, tut, thou art welcom, Cornutus is my neigh-
bour, I loue him as my selfe, tha'tt a shrowe to thy wife,
gaue her tongue to much string, but let mine Host giue
thee counsell, heele teach thee a remedie.

Cornu. No, no, my good Host, mum, mum, no words a-
gainst my wife, shee's mine owne, one flesh & one blood,
I shall feele her hurt, her tongue is her owne, so are her
hands, mum, mum, no words against your wife.

Host. Tut

Euerie Woman in her Humor:

Host. Tut tut, thou art a foole, keepe her close from the ponicarie, let her taste of no licoras, twill make her long winded: no plums, nor no parseneps, no peares, nor no Popperins, sheele dreame in her sleepe then, let her line vpon Hatels, giue her nuts for her dyet while a toothe's in her head: giue her cheefe for digestion: twill make her short winded, if that will not serue, set fire to the pan and blow her vp with Gun-powder.

Citie wife. I, mine Host, you are well imployed to giue a man counseil against his wife, they are apt enough to ill I warrant ye.

Cornu. Mum, mum, my sweete wife, I know the world well enough, I haue an eare, but I heare not: an eye, but I see not: whats spoake against thee, I regard not: mum, mum. I knowe the world well enough.

Citie wife. I, and twere more seemely you were at your owne house too, your wife cannot goe abroad but you must follow, husbands must bee fringed to their wiues Petticoates, I pray you tairie you, ile goe home.

Cor. Not so my sweet wife, I am gone, I am vanisht, mum, mum, no anger shall stirre thee, no words, I know the world well inough.

Hostis. Twere better by thrice deuce-ace in a weeke eue-ry woman could awe her husband so well as she.

Gracc. Ist possible, stoot well, I thought it had bene but a fable al this while, that *Iole* shold make great *Hercules* spit on his thombes, & spin, but now I see, if a man were as great as *Cesar*, *Iulius*, or *Augustus*, or both in one, a woman may take him downe.

Hostis. Gossip, faith ile vse a little of your counsel, but my husband is so fat, I feare I shall neuer bring him to it.

Grac. Now gentles, you that can prepare a few teares to shed, for now enters a sad sceane of sorrowe.

Enter

Euerie woman in her Humor

Enter Fryer and course.

Fryer. Man is flesh, and flesh is fraile,
The strongest man at length must faile,
Man is flesh, and flesh is grasse,
Consuming time as in a glasse.
Now is vp, and now is downe,
And is not purchast by a Crowne.
Now seede, and now we are sowne,
Now we wither, now are mowen,
Frater noster heere doth lye,
In paupertate he did die.
And now is gone his *viam longam*,
That leades vnto his *requiem eternam*
But dying needie, poore and bare,
Wanting to discharge the Fryer,
Vnto his graue, hees like to passe,
Hauing neither Dirge nor Masse.
So set forward, let him goe,
Et benedicamus Domino.

Phy. And then to *Apollo*, hollo trees, hollo, Tapster
a few more cloathes to my secte.

Omnes. Oh heauens!

Acut. Gentles, keep your places, feare nothing in the
name of God: what art thou?

Phy. My Hearse and winding sheete: what meanes
this? why Gentles, I am a liuing man.

Acut. Spirit thou ly'st, thou deludest vs,

City wife. Coniure him Fryer.

Fryer. In nomine Domini, I thee charge,

Responde mihi heere at large.

Cuius pecus whence thou art:

Et quam obrem, thou makest vs start,

In spiritus of the gloomy night?

Qui Venis huc vs to affright

Euerie woman in her Humor

Per trinitatem I there charge thee,

Quid tu vis hic to tell to me.

Phy. Why gentles, I am a liuing man *Philantus*, what instance shall I giue ye? heare me, I haue sight, vnderstanding, I know mine hostes, I see that Gentlewoman, I can feele.

Scil. Feele this Gentlewoman! s'ild if yee wereten Ghosts, ile not indure it.

Accut. Spirit thou deludest vs.

Phy. Why, what should I say? will yehsare my voice, heres none but —

Scil. Nay, thats a lye, then tis a liuing spirit, ile haue a bout with him.

Accut. Oh fir, meddle not with shadowes, spirit thou I saw thee dead, so did many moe; (lyest,

We know yewandring dwellers in the dark,

Haue power to shape youlike mortallitie,

To beguile the simple, & deceue their soules,

Thou art a Deuill.

Phy. Sweet Gent, behold I am flesh and blood, heres my flesh feele it.

Cutie wife By my troth methinkes hee should be alieue, I could finde in my heart to feele his flesh. (liues.

Grac. Trie with your Rapier *Accutus*, if he bleede hee

Phy. If I bleed I die, sweet Gentlemen draw no blood.

Accut. How shall wee knowe thou art flesh and blood then?

Grac. Take heede *Accutus* heele blast thee.

Phy. What instance shall I giue ye? I am *Phylantus*, he that must needes confesse he was drunk in your companies last day, sweet Gentlemen conceiue me aright.

Accut. Why true, true, that we know, and those swilling bowels,

Death did arrest thee, many saw thee deade,

Else needles were these rites of funeralls,

And since that time till now, no breath was knowne,

Flye

Euerie woman in her Humor

Flye from you and twentie times the houre-glasse,
Hath turnd his vpside downe: and twerty times
The nimble current sand hath left his vpper roome,
Toly beneath, since sparke of life appeared,
In all which time, my care imploide it selfe,
To give the rights of buriall: now if you hie,
Who so glad as I

Phy. Sir, your loue hath showne it selfe abundant,
but the colde aire is a meanes to deuorce me from your
companies: mine host let me craue passage to my chāber.

Host. Out of my dores knaue, thou enterest not my
dores, I haue no chalke in my house, my posts shal not be
garded with a little sing song, *si nihil attuleris ibis* Homere
foras.

Accut. Ha, how now man? see'st now any errors?

Nay, this is nothing: he hath but showne
A patterne in himselfe, what thou shalt finde
In other: search through the Globe of earth
If there mongst twentie, two thou doost finde
Honester then himselfe, ite be buried straight,
Now thinke what shame tis to be vilde,
And how vilde to be drunk: looke round, where?
Nay looke vp, beholde yon Christall pallace,
There sits an vbiquitarie Iudge,
From whome *arcana nulla abscondita.*

That see's all, and at pleasure punisheth,
Thou canst not scape scot free, how canst thou?
Why sencelesse man, in that, sinne will betray
His father, brother, nay, him himselfe: feares not
To commit the worst of euils: secure, if
Thunder boultz should drop from heauen, dreading
Nor heauen nor hell: indeede hss best state
Is worse then least, prised at highest rate.

Ser. This critique is hoarsh, vnfaerie, and reproofeful,
avoyd him.

Scol. Hee speakes well, but I like not his dispray-
sing.

Euerie woman in her Humor

king of drunkenness; tis Phisicke to me, and it makes mee to sleep like a good horse, with my nose in the maunger, some sweete heart.

Hostis Signior Philantus I pray ye a word. *Exit*

Acut. How now, whispering? s'foot if they should giue our purpose another crosse point, where are wee then? note, note.

Hostis, Heere take the key, conuey your selfe into the Chamber, but in any case take heede my husband see you not.

Phy. Feare not: gentles, be thanks; the guerden of your loue, till time giue better abilitie, *Exit.*

Acut. Ha! nay s'foot, I must claw out another deuice: we must not part so, *Graccus* prethee keepe the sceane til I fetch more actors to fill it fuller.

Gra. But prethee let me partake.

Acut. Not till I returne, pardon me, *Exit.*

Hostis By my troth gossip I am halfe sicke of a conceit

Cittie wife. What woman? passion of my heart, tel me your grieffe?

Hostis I shall goe to court now, and attired like an old Dancie woman, a Ruffe, holland of eight groates, three inches deepe of the olde cut, and a hat as farre out of fashion as a close placket.

Cittie wife. Why I hope your husband is able to maintain you better: are there not nights as well as daies? does he not sleepe some times? has hee no pockets about him? cannot you search his breeches? anye thing you finde in his breeches is your owne.

Hostis But may a woman doe that with safetie?

Cittie wife. I and more, why should shee not? why what is his is yours, what's yours, your owne:

Hostis The best hope I haue is, you knowe my Grest Mistris *Gerica*, she has pawnd her Jewels to me already, and this night I look for her Hood, and her tyer, or if the worst chance, I knowe I can intreate her to weare my
cloathes,

Euerie woman in her Humor

cloathes, and let me goe in her attire to Court.

Cittiewife. Or if all faile, you may hire a good suite at a Lewes: or at a broaker, tis a common thing and specially among the common sort.

Enter Host and Constable.

Host. To search through my house, I haue no Varlets no knaues, no stewd prunes, no she fierie phagies, my Chambers are swept, my sinkes are all scowred, the honest shal come in, the knaues shall go by, yet wil I maister Constable, goe search through my house, I care not a sheepes skin.

Const. We are compeld to doe it mine host, a Gentlemā is robd last night, & we are to search euery priuy corner.

Host. Mine host is true Mettall, a man of reputation, a true Holefernes, he loues iuice of grapes, and welcom maister Constable. *Exit*

Acut. *Graccus*, how likst thou this?

Grac. Excellent, for now must he needes fall into the Constables hands: and if he haue any grace, twil appear in his face, when he shall be carried through the streete in a white sheet twill be a good penance for his fault. (not

Hostis. Now fortune fauour that my husband find him

Cittiewife. Heele be horne mad, & neuer able to indure it: why woman if he haue but as much man in him as a Maribone, heele take the burthen vppon his own necke, and neuer discouer you

Hostis. Alas heere they come, lets away Gossip. *Exeunt.*

Gra. Fortune my foe, why doost, &c.

Acut: Oh fye, that's bitter, prethe goe comfort him.

Grac. Faith he should be innocent by his garment: Signior, I grieue for this, but if I can help, looke for it.

Phy. I thanke ye sir.

Const. We must contaminate our office, pray regard vs as little as ye can. *Exit*

Acut: Me thinkes this shold put him quite out of tune: now so, let him goe, now to mine Host, theres he, and hee, and

Euerie woman in her Humor

and hee, theres shee, and she, she haue about with all;
& critiques, honnys sweetest, mixt with gal. *Exeunt*

Enter Host Cornutus.

Host. Goeto, there's knaues in my house, I know of no
Varlets, I haue an eye has his sence, a braine that can
reach, I haue bene cald Polititian, my wife is my wife, I
am her top, i' me her head: if mine Host say the word, the
Moufe shall be dun.

Corn. Not so my sweet Host, mum, mum, no words a-
gainst your wife, he that meanes to liue quiet, to sleep in
cleane sheetes, a Pillowe vnder his head, his dyct drest
cteanely, mum, mum, no words against his wife.

Host. That's a foole, that's a foole, bee rulde by mine
host, shew thy self a braue man of the true seede of Troy;
a gallant Agamemnon, tha't a shrew to thy wife, if shee
crosse thy braue humors, kicke thy heele at her huckle
bone.

Enter Accutus.

Accut. Gentles, most happily encountred, how good
hap hath turnd two labours into one, I was addrest to
both, and at once haue met both, sure I must intreate that
you must not deny.

Host. Say on my sweete bullie, mine Host will attend
thee, speake roundly to the purpose and welcome my
bullie.

Accut. Marrie thus: there are are great reuels & shews
preparde to beautifie the nuptials of Lentulus and Tully,
in which the Cittizens haue the least share, now would
but you and some others that I shall collect, ioyne hands
with me in some queint iest,
Our shew shall deserue grace, and braue the rest.

Host. I haue thee braue spirit, tha't of the true seed of
Troy, lets bee merrie and wise, merrie hearts liue long
mine Host, my braue Host with his neighbor Cornutus
shall bee two of the Maskers, and the Morrice shall bee
daunc'd,

Go. Noe

Euerie woman in her Humor

Cor: Not so mine Host, I dare not doe so, t'wil deſtemper my wife, my house will be vnquiet, mum, mum, I know the world well enough.

Host: Thou shalt goe saies mine Host, merrie hearts liue long, welcome bully, mine Host shall make one, so shal my Cornutus, for if I say the word, the mouse shall be dun.

Enter Bos with Porters.

Porters: Saue ye mine Host, heeres a parcell of Corne was directed to be deliuered at your house.

Host: What ware my little Atlas, what ware is it?

2. Por: I know not, but i' me sure tis as heauie as a horse and *backe.*

1 Por: I thinke tis a barrel of oyle, for it spurg'd at my

Bos: It was oyle, for I drew the Tap.

Grac: What Bos, what makst thou heere?

Acc: Oh *chara deum soboles magnum bonis incrementum!*

Bos: art there there?

Bos: As sure as you are there Signior.

Grac: Bos, will ye not forsake your Cabbins?

Bos: Oh sir, he that has not a tilde house must bee glad of a thatcht house: may I craue a suite of you signior?

Grac: What suite Bos?

Bos: What you please, beggers must not chuse.

Acc: Bos is growne mysticall, hee's too dark.

Bos: I speake hebrew indeed like Adam and *Eue*, before they fel to spinning; not a rag.

Grac: What, naked Bos?

Bos: As ye see, will ye heare my suite signior?

Grac: Drunk & his cloathes stolln, what theef wold do it?

Bos: Any theefe sir, but no true man.

Grac: Wel Bos, to obtaine a suite at my handes, and to doe some pennance for your fault, you shal here maintaine an argument in the defence of drunkennes: mine Host shall heare it, he be your oppoment, *Acutus moderator*: wilt thou doe it?

Host: A mad merrie prig, all good spirits, wilt thou doe it

Bos: Ile

Euerie woman in her Humor

Bos. Ile doo't.

Grac. Seate yee, heres my place, now *Bos* propound.

Bos. Drunkennes is a vertue.

Grac. Your prooffe.

Bos. Good drinke is full of vertue,

Now full of good drinke is drunke,

Ergo, to be drunke is to be vertuous.

Grac. I deny it, good drinke is full of vice,
Drinke takes away the senees,

Man that is sencelesse is vitious,

Ergo, good drinke is full of vice.

Bos. I deny it still, good drinke makes good blood,
Good blood needes no Barber,

Ergo, tis good to drinke good drinke.

Accu. Hee holdes ye hard *Graccus*.

Bos. Heeres stronger prooffe, drunkennesse ingenders
with two of the mortall vertues, and sixe of the lyberall
sciences.

Grac. Let him prooue that and Ile yeeld.

Hof: A mad spirit yfaith.

Bos. A drunkard is valiant and lyberall, heele out-face
Mars, braue *Hercules*, and feares not the Deuill, then for
the most part hee's liberal, for heele giue all the cloathes
off his backe, though hee weepe like a Widowe all the
day following: nay, for the sciences, hee's a good phisitian
hee vomits himselfe rarelie, and will giue any man else
a vomit that lookes on him (if hee haue not a verie good
Stomacke) perfect in Geomitrie, for he hangs in the aire
by his owne conceite, and feelles no ground: and hee's all
musically, the world turnes round with him, euerie face in
the painted cloath shewes like a Fairie dauncing about
him, and euerie spar in the house a minstrell.

Grac: Good: forward.

Bos. Then hee's a good Lawyer, for hees neuer with-
out a *serie facies*, & the leaſte *Capias* will take his *habeas*

Corpus: besides, another point of a Lawyere, heele raille
and

Euerie woman in her Humor

and raue against his dearest friends, and make the world thinke they are enemies, when the next day theile laugh, bee fat and drunk together: and a rare Astronomer, for he has st arrer twinckling in his eyes, in the darkeſt night, when a wiſe man diſcernes none in the firmanent, and will take great paines in the praſtiſe |: for lay him on his backe in the open fields ouer- night, and you ſhall be ſure to finde him there in the morning: haue I ſed well, or ſhall I giue you a ſtronger proofer: an honeſt man will be as good as his word: Signior Graccus is an honeſt man, *Ergo* I muſt haue a new ſuite.

Acco: The moderator concludes ſo, Graccus is ouerthrowne ſo far as the damage of a ſuite, ſo away with him, come, our fire will out, ſtrip vs, mine Hoſt and you wee expect your companies, we muſt craue abſence awhile, better to turniſhe our purpoſes: the time of the day to ye. (is dun.

Hoſt. Farwel my good bullies, mine Hoſt has ſed & the mouſe Enter the dumb ſhew of the marriage, *Lentulus*, *Tully*, and the reſt. Enter *Hoſtis* in *Geſticaes* apparel, *Getic.* in hers, & *Miſtris Dama.*

Hoſtis. Come Goffip, by my troth I cannot keepe my hood in frame. *Cittie wiſe.* Let me helpe ye woman.

Get. Sir, we ſhall be troubleſome to ye.

Gra: Oh vrge not that I pray ye.

Get. I pray yee what ſhowe will be heere to night? I haue ſeen the Babones already, the Cittie of new Niniuic, and *Iulius Caesar* acted by the Mammets.

Gra. Oh gentlewoman, thoſe are ſhowes for thoſe places they are vſed in, marry here you muſt expect ſome rare deuice as *Diana* bathing her ſelfe, being diſcouered or occulated, by *Acteon*, he was traſfigured to a hart, & werried to death with his owne dogs.

Cit. w. That, ſprettie in good truth, & muſt *Diana* be naked?

Gra. Oh of neceſſitie, if it be that ſhow.

Hoſtis. And *Acteon* too: that ſprettie if aith.

Enter Caesar, L. m. Tully, Teren, Flauia.

Cas. Now gallant Bridegroomes, and your louely Brides, Thathau ingeminate, in endleſſe league,
Your troth-plight hearts in your nuptial vowes,
Tyed true loue knots, that nothing can diſolue.

Euerie woman in her Humor

Till death that meager purſeuant of loue,
That Cancels all bonds: we are to clowdie,
My ſpirit a typtoe nothing I could chide ſo much,
As winged time that gins to free a paſſage,
To his turrent glaſſe, and crops our day-light.
That miſtic night will ſummon vs to reſt,
Before we feele the burthen of our ey-lids.
The time is tedious, wants varietie,
But that I may ſhew what delightfull raptures,
Combats my ſoule, to ſee this vnion,
And with what boundles ioy I doe embrace it.
We heere commaund all priſon gates flye ope,
Freeing all priſoners, (traitors all except,
That poore mens prayers may increaſe our daies,
And writers circle ye with wreathes of bayes.

Grac. S foot *Accuſus* lets lay hold of this, to free our captiue.

Accuſ. Content; ile proſecute it.

Tul. Dreade ſoueraigne, heauen witneſſe with me,
With what bended ſpirit I have attainde
This height of happineſſe: and how vnwillingly,
Till heauens decree, *Terentias* loue, and your
Faire conſents, did meet in one, to make
Me Lord thereof inor ſhall it adde one ſcruple,
Of high thought to my lowly minde.
Tully is *Tully*, parentage poore, the beſt,
An Orator, but equall with the leaſt.

Lent. Oh no doubt *Accuſus*, be the attempt,
My perill, his royall promiſe is paſt
In that behalfe: my ſoueraigne, this Gentlemans
Requeſt, takes holde vpon your gationous promiſe,
For the releaſement of a priſoner.

Caeſ. My promiſe is irrecuocable, take it: but what is hee and
the qualitie of his fault?

Accuſ. A gentleman, may it pleaſe your grace, his fault ſuſpi-
tion, and moſt likely innocent. (ther

Caeſ. He hath freedome, and I prethee let him be brought hi-
Perhaps in his preſence we ſhall win ſome ſmiles,
For I have noted oft in a ſimple braine
(Only ſtriving to excell it ſelfe)

Hath

Euerie woman in her Humor

Hath corrupted language that hath turnd
To pleasant laughter, in iudicious eares;
Such may this prooue, for now me thinkes
Each minute, wanting sport doth seeme
As long and tedious, as a feauer: but who doth knowe
The true condition of this *Accutus*?

Tully: My Leige, of him something my knowledge
Can discouer, his spirit is free as aire,
His temper temperate, if ought's vnneuen,
His spleene waies downe lenitie; but how
Stir'd by reproofe, and then hee's bitter, and like
His name, *Acute*, vice to him is a foule eye-fore.
And could he stifle it in bitterest words, he would.
And who so offends, to him is paralell,
He will as soone reprove the Cedar state,
As the lowe shrub. *Enter Acut. and Philaut.*

Thy. Nay good *Accutus* let me not enter the presence:

Accut. Oh sir, I assure you your presence will be more accept-
table in the presence at this time, then a farre richer present:
May it please your maiestie, this is the man.

Cas. Let him stand forward.

(stands forwards)

Cit. w. Alas we shal see nothing, would I were neere now hee

Cit. w. wife. What qualities hath he *Accutus*?

Accut. Few good ones (may it please you) he handles a comb
wel, a brush better, and will drink Downe a Dutchman, & has
good skill in prick song.

Hostis. I, ile be sworne, he had when he was my Guest,

Acut: Please it your Maiestie to commaund him?

Cas. Oh, we can no otherwise so well be pleased.

Phy. I beseech your Maiestie, I cannot sing. (of your skill)

Tul. Nay, your denyall will breed but greater expectation

Acut. I, I, please it your grace to heare? now he begins.

Phy. My loue can sing no other song, but still complains I
did her. &c. I beseech your Maiestie to let me goe.

Cas. With all our heart, *Accutus* giue him libertie.

Accut. Goe, and for voice sake yee shall sing Ballads in the
suburbes, and if euer heereafter ye chance to purchase a suite
by what your friends shal leaue ye, or the credit of your friends,
be not drunk again, & giue him hard words for his labour. *Exe*

Euerie Woman in her Humor!

Cas. What, ist effected Graccus?

Gra. I haue wrought the foole, *Seilicet* comes alone, & his Lady keeps the women company.

Accu. Tush, wee le haue a room scantly furnisht with lights that shall further it. *Cas.* What sound is that?

Acut. I, would ye so faine enter? ile further it; please it your Maiestie to accept what is not worth acceptance? heere are a company to Gratulate these nuptials, haue prepar'd a show, I feare not worth the sight, if you shall deeme to giue them the beholding of it.

Cas. Else should we wrong their kindnes much: *Accutus*, be it your care to giue them kindest welcome, we cannot recompence their loues without much beholdings.

Acut. Now for the cunning vizarding of them, & tis done.

Hostis. Now we shall behelde the shoues.

Ger. *Adcon* and his Dogs I pray *Iupiter*.

Enter the make and the Song.

Chauut birds in euerie bush

The Blackbird and the Thrush

The chirping Nightingale.

The Mavis and Wagtaile,

The Linnet and the Lark

Oh how they begin, hark, hark!

Scil. Slid there's one bird I doe not like her voice.

Sing againe & Exeunt.

Hostis. By my troth me thought one should be my husband; I could euen discern his voice thorough his vizard.

Cittie wife. And truely by his head one should be mine.

Ger. And surely by his eares one should be my sweet heart.

Cas. *Accutus*, you haue deserued much of our loue,
But might we not breake the law of sport so farre,
As to know to whome our thanks is due,
By seeing them vnmaskt, and the reason of their habits?

Acut. Most willingly my Soueraigne, ile cause their returne.

Hostis. Oh excellent! now we shal see them vnmaskt. *Exit*

Ger. In troth I had good hope the formost had bene *Adcon*
when I saw his hornes. (not a wen in his fore-head.

Cittie wife. Sure the middlemost was my husband, see if he haue

Enter

Euerie woman in her Humor.

Enter Maskers

Host: God blesse thee noble Cæsar, & all these braue brides
groomes with their fine little dy-doppers, that looke before
they sleep to throw away their maiden heads: I am host of the
Hobbie, Cornut. is my neighbour, but wele pull of his hope-
per, thou'lt know me by my nose, I am a mad merie grig, come
to make thy grace laugh, he *Scilicet* my guest, all true canaries
that loue iuce of grapes, god blesse thy Maiestie.

Acut. How now mine Host?

Host. Ha, ha, I spie a iest, ha ha, Cornutus, Cornutus.

Acut. Nay mine holt, heeres a moate in your eye to.

Scut. Slid I hope they haue not seru'd me forby this torridy are
an asse, a flat Asse, but the best is I know who did it, whether
you or somebody else, for I was in no company of man-
kinde else, by gad I remember it as wel as if it were done now.

Host: Thou shalt answer it to my leige, ile not be so misused,
ye haue a wrong element, there's fire in my face, wee le moue
and ascend.

I'me misusd the mad comzades haue plaide the knaues,
Iustice my braue Cæsar.

Acut. Ile answer ye mine Host: pardon greate Cæsar,
The intent was merriment, the reason this:

A true brow bends, to see good things amisse,
Men turnd to beasts, and such are you mine Host
See you this, this represents a beast,

That cannot see his shame, & such are you mine Host.

Ile show you else, you are a Goate, looke heere!

Now come you, this is your's, you know it, doe you not?

How old are you? are you not a Goate now?

Shall I teach thee how to vse a wife and keepe her?

In the ranke of goodnes linke her to thy soule,

Deuide not *indivium*, be her and shee thee,

Keepe her from the Serpent, let her not Gad

To euerie Gossips congregation,

For there is blushing modestie laide out,

And a free reyne to sensual turpitude,

Giuen out at length and lybidinous aets,

Free chat, each giuing counsell and sensure.

Euerie woman in her Humor

Capreammaritum facere, such art thou Goate,
Be not so secure: and you my graund Cornutus,
Thou Ram, thou see'st thy shame a pent-house
To thy eye-browes: doost not glorie in it, doost?
Thou'lt lye in a Trucklebed, at thy wiues bed feet,
And let her goe a Gossiping while thou sleepest the kitchen;
Look, she shall witness against thee.

Corn. My wife there? I must be gone then.

Accu. Oh fie, betray not thy selfe so grossely.

Cor. I Pray ye pardon me. *Accu.* I dare not.

Cor. I fir, but afterward may come after claps,

~~It is~~ the world well enough.

Accu. Mischiefe of the Deuill, be man not all beast, doe not
lye, — both sheetes doe not.

Cu. w. I warrant this fellow has as many eies as a Lamprey,
hee could neuer see so farre into the world else. (well yfaith

Accu. And thou pure asse, meere asse, thy eares become thee

Soil. I think you ment to make a Musition of me, you furnish
me with a good care.

Accu. Thou deserndst it, thou't make thy selfe a Cuckold
be it but for company sake, thou hast long eares, and thinkest
them hornes, thy conceites cuckolds thee, thou art iealous if
thou see'st thy wiues — With another mans palme.

And foole, thy state in that sence is the best: thou art claspt with
simplicite, (a great badge of honestie) for the poore foole has
paund her cloathes to redeeme thy vnthriftines: be Iealous no
more, vnlesse thoult weare thine eares still, for all shall be well
and you shall haue your puppie againe.

Get. Shall I by my troth I shall be beholding to you then.

Accu. Now to ye all, be firmaments to stars,

Be stars to Firmaments, and as you are
Splendent, so be fixed, not wandring, nor
Irregular, both keeping course together,
Shine not in pride, and gorgeous attire,
When clouds doe faile, the pole where thou art fixt.
Obey, cherish, honor, be kinde enough,
But let them weare no changeable stufte,
Keep them, as shall become your state,

Comely,

Euerie woman in her Humor

Comely, and to creepe ere they goe.

Let them partake your ioyes, and weep with you;

Curle not the snarles that dwel vpon these browes,

In all things be you kinde of all enough,

But let them weare no changeable stuffe.

Host: Fore God a mad spirit.

Host: Will ye belecue, what such a bisket brain'd fellow as this saies? he has a mouth like a double cannon, the report will be heard all ore the towne.

Cittie wife: I warrant he ranne mad for loue, because no good face could endure the sight of him, and euer since he railles against women like a whot shot.

Len: Nay, nay, we must haue all friendes.

Larring discords are no marriage musick,

Throw not Hymen in a cuckstoole, dimple

Your furrowed browes, since all but mirth was ment,

Let vs not then conclude in discontent.

Say, shall we all in friendly straine

Measure our paces to bed-ward?

Tul: Will Terentius follow?

Teren: If Tully be her Leader.

Host: Good bloods, good spirits, let me answer for all, none speake but mine Host, hee has his pols and his ædypols, his times and his tricks, his quirkes and his quilits, and his demise and dementions, God blesse thee Noble Cæsar, and all these braue spirits, I am Host of the Hobby, Cornutus is my neighbour: Graccusa a mad spirit, *Accutus* is my friend, Sir *Scillicet* is my guest, al mad comrades of the true seed of troy, that loue iuice of Grapes: we are all true friends, merrie hearts liue long, let the Pipers, strike vp ile daunce my cinquepace, cut a lost my braue capers, whirle about my toe, doe my tricks, about ground, ile kisse my sweet hostesse, make a curtesie to thy grace, God blesse thy Maiestie, and the Moute shall be dun.

Cor: Comewife, will you dance?

Wife: Ile not daunce I, must you come to the Court to haue hornes set on your head? I could haue done that at home.

Host: I, I, be rulde at this time, what, for one merrie day wele finde a whole moone at mid-sommer.

Dance.

Everie woman in her Humor

Davnce.

Cas. Gentles, wee thanke yee all, the night hath spent his
youth, and drowlie Morpheus bids vs battell,
We will desie him still, weele keepe him out
While we haue power to doe it, sound your lowdest noise,
Set forward to our chamber.

Gra. Advance your light.

Cas. Good rest to all.

Omne. God giue your grace God night.

Exeunt.

FINIS

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